



# Star Wars Magazine

*Pre-Clone Wars Collection*





A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY...

AN IMPETUOUS YOUNG PADAWAN SENSES  
A DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE...

# TEMPLE OF PHANTOMS

DID  
YOU FEEL  
THAT?

JUMPING AT  
SHADOWS AGAIN,  
ANAKIN? DO THEY  
EVEN HAVE SHADOWS  
ON TATOOINE?

KNOWING  
WHERE TO FIND  
THE NEAREST SHADE ON A  
PLANET WITH TWO SUNS IS A  
MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.  
SHADOWS DON'T  
SCARE ME.

WE'RE  
LATE ALREADY.

WE  
WILL NEED A  
GREAT DEAL OF SHADE  
IF WE DO NOT GET TO  
MASTER SINUBE'S  
CHAMBER SOON.

ALL RIGHT,  
I'M COMING. IT'S  
JUST THAT, I *SENSE*  
SOMETHING...

A DARKNESS.

IT IS  
YOUR IMAGINATION,  
PLAYING TRICKS  
I THINK.

THIS IS THE  
JEDI TEMPLE,  
REMEMBER?

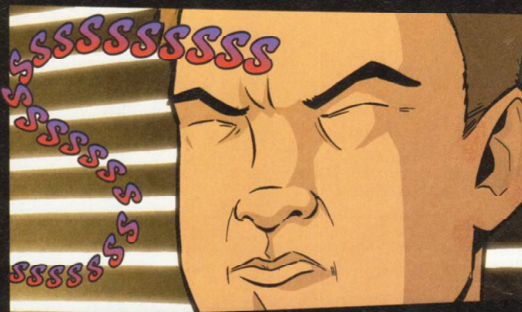
BRIGHT  
CENTRE OF THE  
UNIVERSE.

I GUESS...

WRITER CHRIS COOPER    ARTIST & COLOURIST BOB MOLESWORTH    LETTERER: DAVID LEACH



LATER, IN MASTER SINUBE'S TRAINING CHAMBER...











THERE IT IS AGAIN.  
THAT FEELING OF **DREAD**,  
GETTING STRONGER, AS IF  
IT'S **PULLING** ME, LEADING  
ME SOMEWHERE...

THE DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE LEADS ANAKIN  
TO AN UNEXPECTED DESTINATION.

THE  
JEDI COUNCIL  
CHAMBER!

IF  
MASTER KENOBI  
FINDS ME UP HERE,  
HE'LL KILL ME.

OR  
WORSE --  
**LECTURE**  
ME!



SUDDENLY, SHADOWS COME TO LIFE,  
JOINING TOGETHER TO BECOME...

TIPLEE WAS  
RIGHT -- I SHOULD'VE  
STAYED IN MY  
BUNK!

Continued  
on  
page 22









YOUNGLINGS?!  
BUT HOW...?!

SAVE  
US! PLEASE,  
SAVE US!



YOU  
LEAVE THEM  
ALONE!!

IF IT'S ME  
YOU CAME HERE  
FOR, THEN LET  
THEM GO.

THERE IS NOTHING  
YOU CAN DO. THEIR FATE  
IS ALREADY SEALED.



I ALREADY  
TOLD YOU, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN  
DESTINY.



YOU DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND THE POWER  
OF THE DARK SIDE... YET!

AIEEEEEEE!!



I...  
UGGHH...  
I CAN'T...

SAVE US!  
PLEASE!!

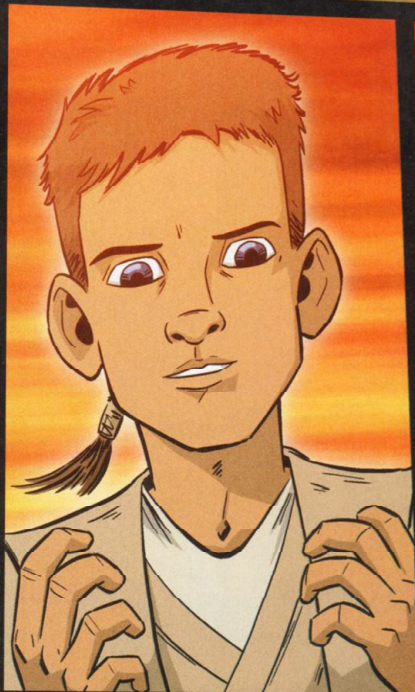




BUT AS ANAKIN LOSES ALL HOPE, THE IMAGE OF AN OLD FRIEND FILLS HIS THOUGHTS...



AND FAR ACROSS THE GALAXY, SHE HEARS HIS DESPERATE PLEA...







I WAS WORRIED, SO I FOLLOWED HIM.

ANAKIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER? I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE...

USHHHH...



YOUNGLINGS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

IS... IS IT GONE? DID I SAVE THE YOUNGLINGS?

THEY'RE NOT EVEN OUT OF BED YET.

AN EXHAUSTED ANAKIN IS TAKEN BACK TO HIS ROOM.



HE'S SLEEPING. I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HIM LATELY.

A POWERFUL VISION, EXPERIENCED HE HAS.



IN TIME, UNDERSTAND PERHAPS WE WILL.

THE END



# TOO MANY

WITH TENSIONS MOUNTING ACROSS THE REPUBLIC, A GROUP OF RUTHLESS MERCENARIES GATHER AS A DEADLY PLOT BY THE NEWLY FOUNDED SEPARATIST ALLIANCE BEGINS TO UNFOLD...



SHE'S HERE.

THE ASSASSIN'S ASSASSIN, THEY CALL HER. SHE'S A LEGEND.

KELSARA LLENKCH PUTS US ALL TO SHAME, MY FRIEND...

...SHE'LL TEACH YOU A THING OR TWO ABOUT KILLING BEFORE THE SUN SETS.

## COOKS



HELLO, BOYS. ARE YOU PREPARED FOR TODAY'S BUSINESS?

WRITER  
CHRIS COOPER  
ARTIST  
ALEX SANCHEZ



I'VE BRIEFED THE TEAM AND WE'RE SET TO GO. ALL WE NEED TO KNOW IS WHO WE'RE HERE TO HIT.



THERE'S A WAR COMING, AND OUR BENEFACTOR WANTS TO MAKE SURE THE RIGHT SIDE GETS A HEADSTART.\*

COLORIST  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERER  
JON CHAPPEL

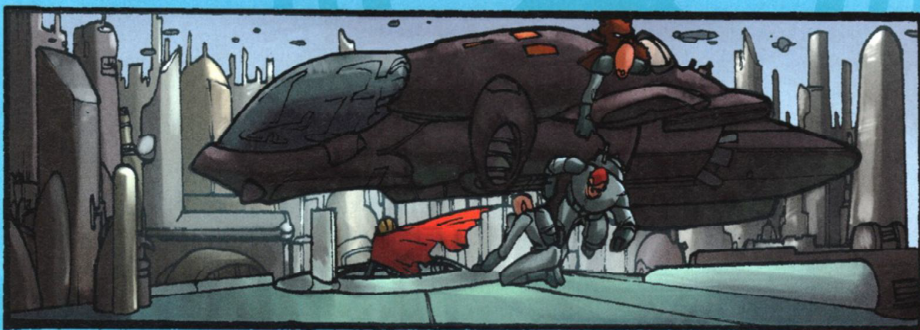
OUR TARGET IS THE CHANCELLOR HIMSELF--PALPATINE... AND NO ONE ON CORUSCANT CAN STOP US!

\*THIS STORY TAKES PLACE JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE CLONE WARS!--JC

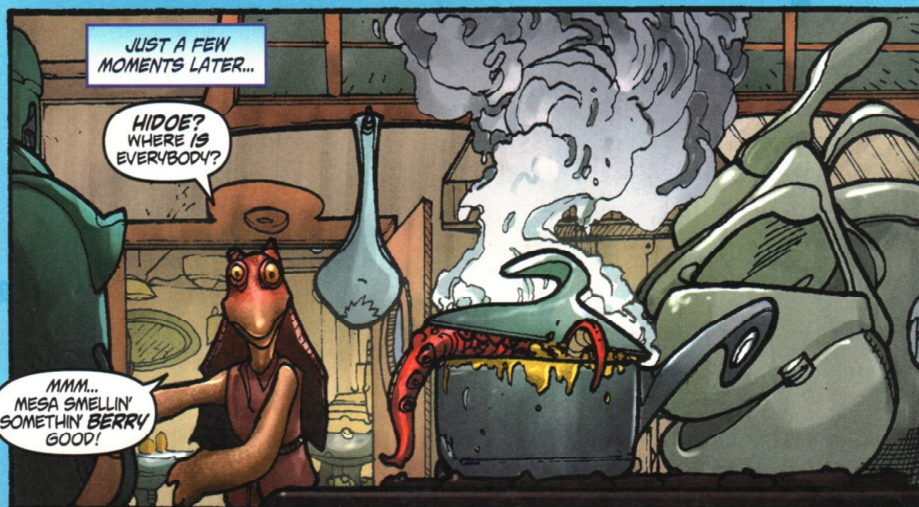












Continued  
on  
page 20







MAASH.  
VELA. GET INTO  
POSITION. THE  
DELEGATES  
WILL BE HERE  
SOON.

ROGER  
THAT. ON OUR  
WAY.

B-B-BODIES?  
MESA THINKY DEISA NO  
REGULAR COOKS!



WESA IN  
BIG POODOO!  
MESA GOTTA  
TELL DA  
CAPTAIN!

LIEUTENANT,  
THE EMBASSY IS  
SECURE. OPEN THE  
LANDING PADS AND  
NOTIFY THE DELEGATES  
WE'RE OPEN FOR  
BUSINESS.

HE'S  
GIVEN THE ALL-  
CLEAR...



BUT IN  
THE GRAND  
HALL...



...TAKE  
HIM  
OUT!



NOW I  
JUST NEED TO  
FIND JAR JAR  
AND I CAN--

OOOF!

EXSQUEEZE  
ME!

KACHOW!





WHAT  
THE...? WHY  
ISN'T THAT GUNGAN  
DEAD?! KILL  
HIM!



CAPTAIN?  
OIE BOIE, HE'S  
A-SLEEPIN'!  
WHAT MESA  
GONNA  
DO?!



DA  
CONTROLLIN'  
BOXEN!



OIE MOOLE  
MOOLE, DAYSA  
MACHINEEKS  
NOT WORKEN  
SO GOOD...

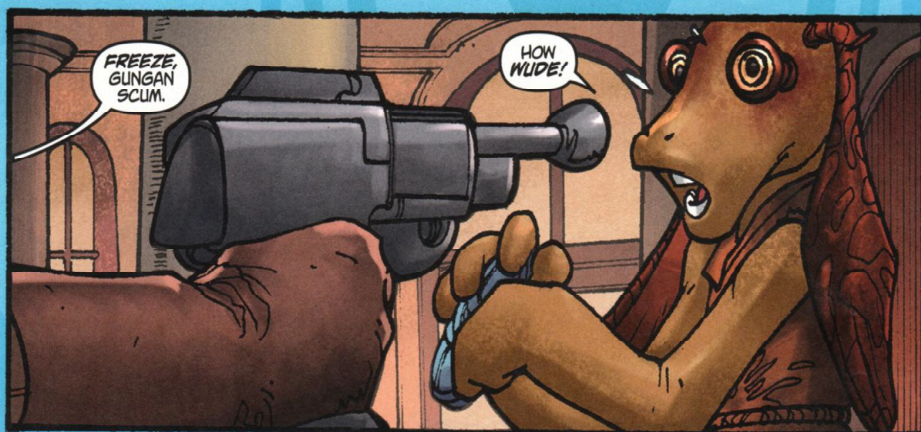


SPLAT

AARGH!

GET THAT  
CONTROL TERMINAL  
OFF HIM BEFORE  
HE GETS US ALL  
KILLED!









WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
JAR JAR?

IT'S  
OKEEDAY,  
CAPTAIN. MESA  
TAKEN CARE OF  
EVERYTHIN'.  
VOUSA SAFE  
NOW.



JAR JAR  
BINKS, YOUR  
BRAVE ACTIONS  
HAVE ALMOST  
CERTAINLY SAVED  
THE REPUBLIC.  
WHAT'S MORE,  
YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE.

THAT MUST  
HAVE BEEN SOME  
BANG TO THE  
HEAD...

MESA JUS  
DOIN' MESA JOB,  
VOUSA BOMBAD  
HIGHNESSNESS.



I KNEW  
YOU WOULD PROVE  
YOUR WORTH AS A  
SECURITY ADVISOR  
WHEN I ASKED CAPTAIN  
TYPHO TO TAKE  
YOU ALONG.

PERHAPS  
IT IS TIME YOU  
WERE PROMOTED TO  
A ROLE THAT BEFITS  
A GUNGAN OF  
YOUR... UNIQUE  
ABILITIES.

HOW  
DOES JUNIOR  
REPRESENTATIVE  
FOR NABOO IN  
THE SENATE  
SOUND?



A SENATOR?  
MESA?  
OIE MOOLE  
MOOLE!

TANKEN  
VOUS BERRY  
MUCH, MISTAH  
PALPATINE, SIR!  
MESA LUV  
VOUS!



I'M CERTAIN  
THAT, IN TIME, MY  
FAITH IN YOU WILL BE  
WELL REWARDED.

NOT THE END...



# THE CORUSCANT HOLO NET

Est. 48 BBY #1 THE GALAXY'S BEST-SELLING NEWSPAPER



**INCOMPETENT:** Where were the Coruscant Guard when Seppie killers invaded the capital?



## CHANCELLOR SAFE GUNGAN GUARD FOILS ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

By THO-MASFRAN CISS • Senior Coruscant Correspondent

**C**ORUSCANT, yesterday – The entire Republic is in a state of shock after an attempt on Supreme Chancellor Palpatine's life by CIS assassins.

A group of heavily armed mercenaries – believed by Galactic authorities to be in the employ of the Separatist Alliance – infiltrated the Naboo Embassy, which the Supreme Chancellor was visiting, disguised as chefs, but were foiled at the eleventh hour by embassy security guard Jar Jar Binks. The ease with which the would-be assassins were able

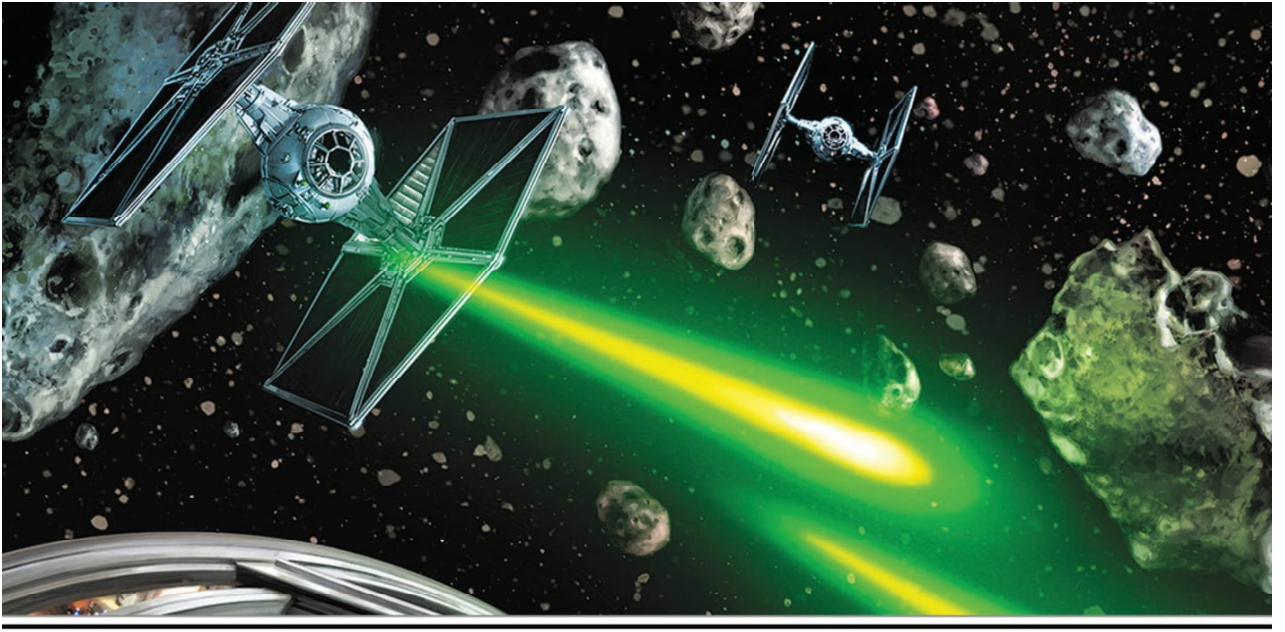
to freely move around the Senate District will no doubt raise questions about the competency of the "élite" Coruscant Guard. All five mercenaries are currently in the custody of the Royal Naboo Security Forces.

The Supreme Chancellor personally thanked the Gungan Binks for his role in stopping the assassins and appointed him as the new junior representative for Naboo. At the time of writing, Binks was reportedly punching the air with joy and shouting, "Tanken yous berry much!"

"Mesa LUV yous!" he added.







# Star Wars Magazine

*Galactic Civil War Collection*





# WAR ON THE JUNDLAND WASTES

WRITER MIKE W. BARR



ARTIST & COLOURIST BOB MOLESWORTH



LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON

"I WANT TO COME WITH YOU TO ALDERAAN. THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME HERE NOW. I WANT TO LEARN THE WAYS OF THE FORCE AND BE A JEDI, LIKE MY FATHER."

LUKE SKYWALKER HAS CHOSEN HIS PATH, WITH BEN KENOBI AS HIS GUIDE. THIS IS HIS FIRST STEP ALONG THE WAY.

IT'S NOT MUCH FARTHER TO MOS EISLEY, BEN!

GOOD! ONCE WE'VE SECURED TRANSPORT TO ALDERAAN, WE CAN BEGIN YOUR TRAINING IN THE FORCE!

I PROMISE YOU, BEN, I'LL DO BETTER THAN YOUR LAST APPRENTICE -- THE ONE WHO BETRAYED YOU AND MY FATHER AND BECAME DARTH VADER!

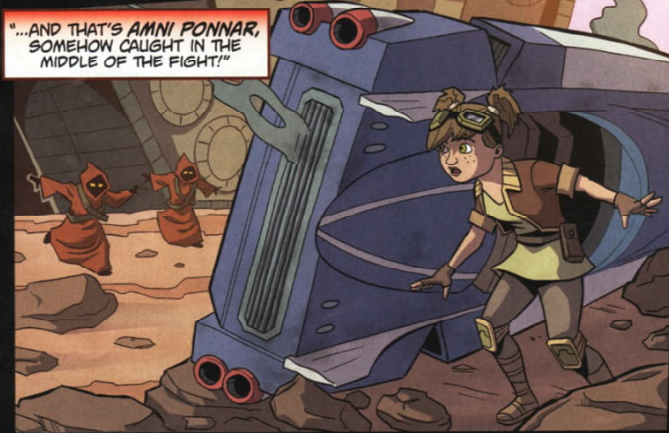
DON'T WORRY, LUKE, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE NOTHING LIKE HIM!

EEEEEEK!

VADA-BLOOT! WHEET?

OF COURSE I HEARD THAT, YOU OVER-GREASED SPROCKET! MY AUDIO RECEPTORS ARE QUITE KEEN, YOU KNOW!













Continued  
on  
page 22



AND SOON...

AMN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THIS **CRAZY OLD MAN**?

BEN KENOBI AND LUKE **SAVED** ME, DADDY...

...I WAS ON MY WAY BACK FROM ANCHORHEAD WITH THE SUPPLIES WHEN I RAN INTO SOME SORT OF FIGHT BETWEEN THE JAWAS AND THE TUSKEN RAIDERS. THEN THEY **ATTACKED** ME...

THAT'S STRANGE -- THEY USUALLY KEEP THEIR DISTANCE...

**TRUE**, MRS PONNAR... BUT THEY WERE FIGHTING AT A CLIFFSIDE WHERE THE **HUBBA GOURDS** EACH RACE LIVES ON GROW...

THE GOURDS HAD BEEN STRIPPED CLEAN, THOUGH THIS IS THEIR GROWING SEASON.

MEANING WHAT?

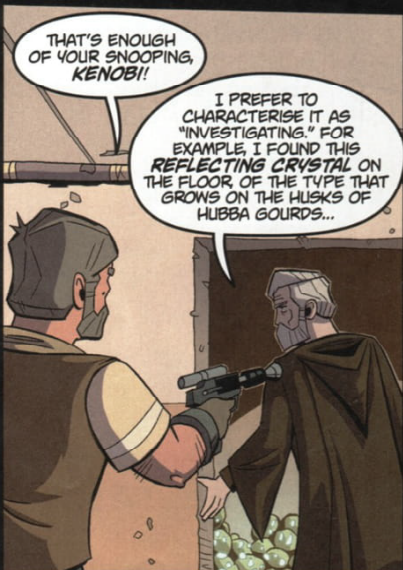
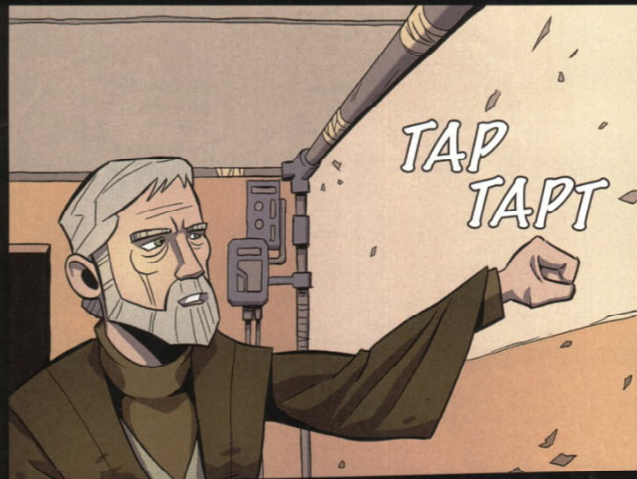
MEANING THAT SOMEONE HAS TAKEN THEIR GOURDS FARMER PONNAR SOMEONE WANTS THEM TO GO TO WAR OVER FOOD...

...IF YOU TRUST THE OPINION OF A "CRAZY OLD MAN."

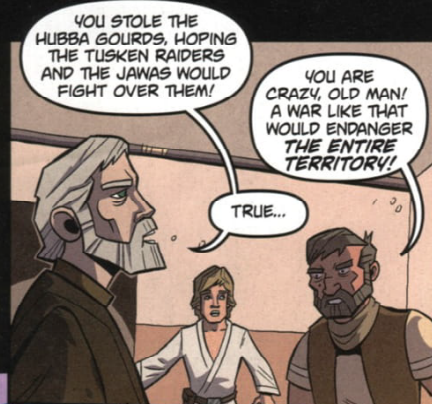
EXCUSE ME WHILE I WASH OFF SOME OF THIS DUST.

HMMM...













WE CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL--!

THERE ARE OTHER WEAPONS **BESIDES** BLASTERS AND LIGHTSABERS, LUKE...



...SUCH AS HUNGER. THE GOURDS WILL EXPLOIT THAT NICELY...



"...ONCE THEIR STOMACHS ARE FULL, THEY'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THE PONNARS -- AND THEIR FEUD!"

RAHGGG!

GRAWWWWK!

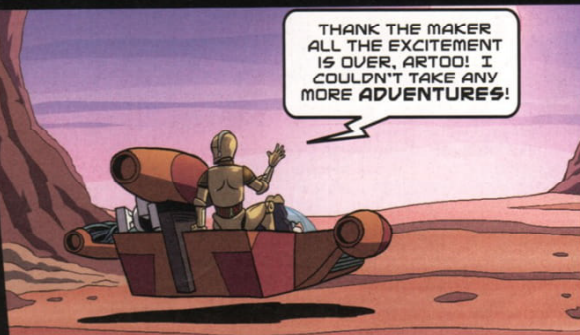
BEN, THE WAY YOU HANDLED THAT SITUATION... I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN EVER BECOME A JEDI KNIGHT!

FIRST YOU MUST KNOW THE FORCE, LUKE -- THEN EVERYTHING WILL FALL INTO PLACE.

I WISH WE COULD HAVE TURNED PONNAR OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES...



"DID YOU SEE THE SCORN ON THE FACES OF HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, LUKE? I THINK THAT WILL BE PUNISHMENT ENOUGH!"



THANK THE MAKER ALL THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER, ARTOO! I COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE ADVENTURES!





HAN SOLO, CAPTAIN OF  
THE MILLENNIUM FALCON,  
REBEL, SMUGGLER.

WE'VE  
LOST OUR MAIN  
DEFLECTOR  
SHIELD!

CHEWBACCA, WOOKIEE  
CO-PILOT, HAN'S BEST  
FRIEND.

# REPAIRS

WRITER RIK HOSKIN ARTIST & COLOURIST LUCA BERTELE LETTERERS: GABRIELA HOUSTON (PG.1-2) & DAVID LEACH

WE'RE GONNA  
HAVE TO TAKE 'ER  
DOWN, CHEWIE, OR  
WE'LL LOSE THE  
FALCON--

--AND OUR  
SKINS!

HRRONK!





ROARRRRR!

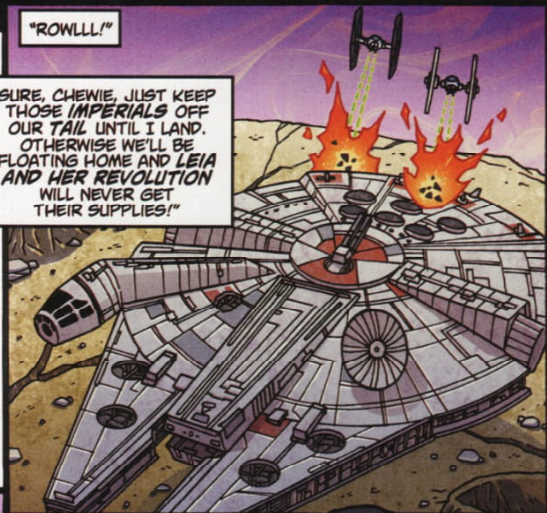
YEAH,  
I SEE  
'EM!!!

THE FALCON'S  
SENSORS JUST PICKED  
UP A DESERTED MOON  
DOWN THERE -- WE BREAK  
ATMOSPHERE AND THOSE  
STAR DESTROYERS  
WON'T BE ABLE TO  
FOLLOW US!

HANG  
ON!

"ROWLL!"

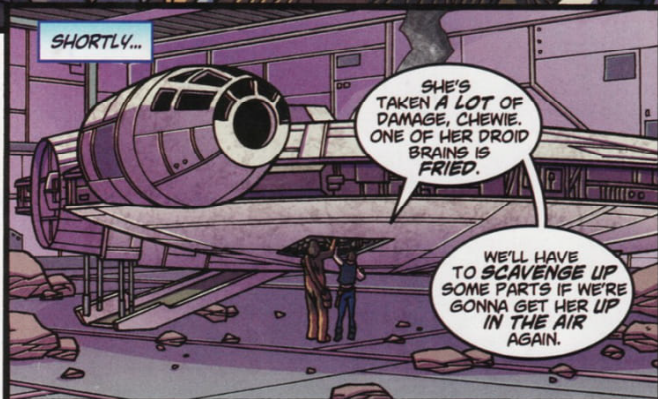
"SURE, CHEWIE, JUST KEEP  
THOSE IMPERIALS OFF  
OUR TAIL UNTIL I LAND.  
OTHERWISE WE'LL BE  
FLOATING HOME AND LEIA  
AND HER REVOLUTION  
WILL NEVER GET  
THEIR SUPPLIES!"



HRRRRR?

HEY,  
ANY LANDING  
YOU CAN WALK  
AWAY FROM.  
RIGHT?

SHORTLY...



SHE'S  
TAKEN A LOT OF  
DAMAGE, CHEWIE.  
ONE OF HER DROID  
BRAINS IS  
FRIED.

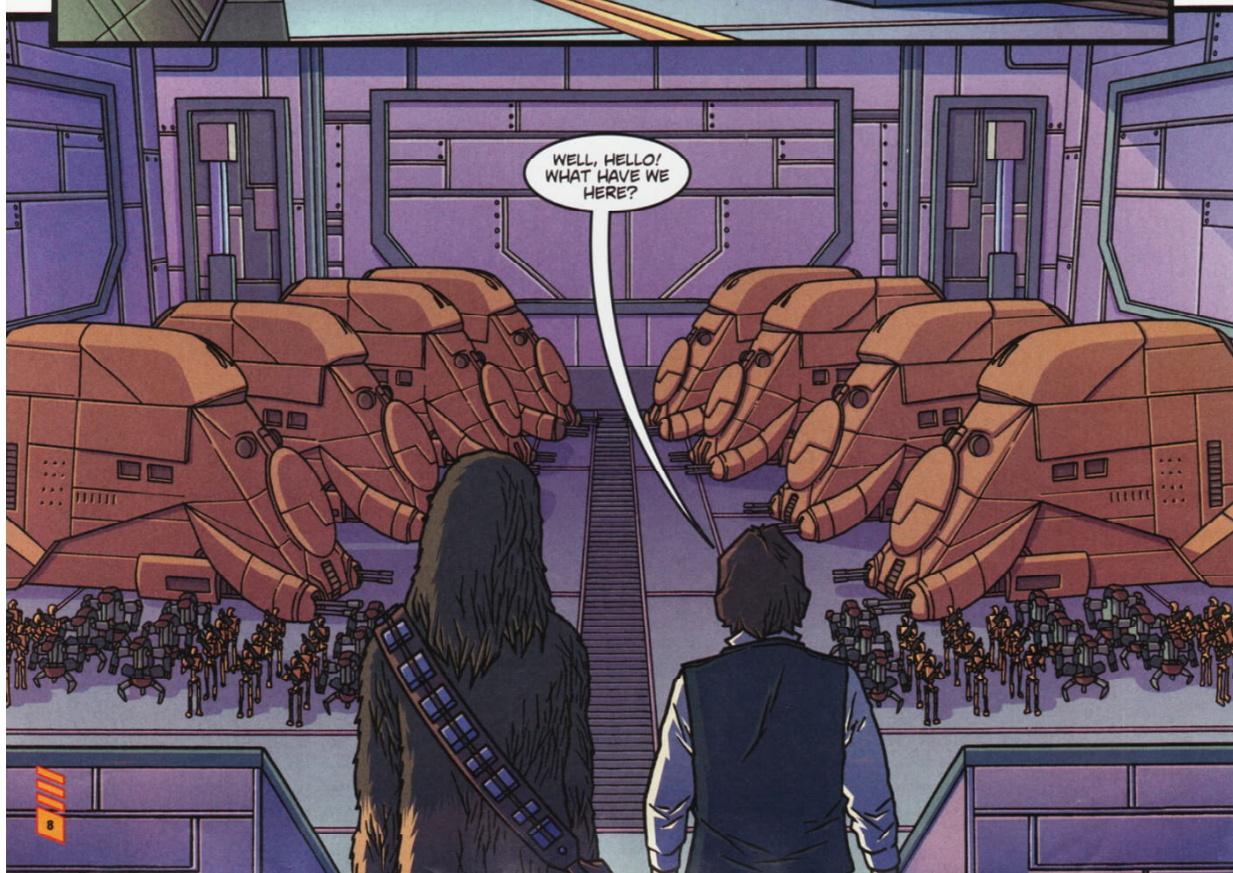
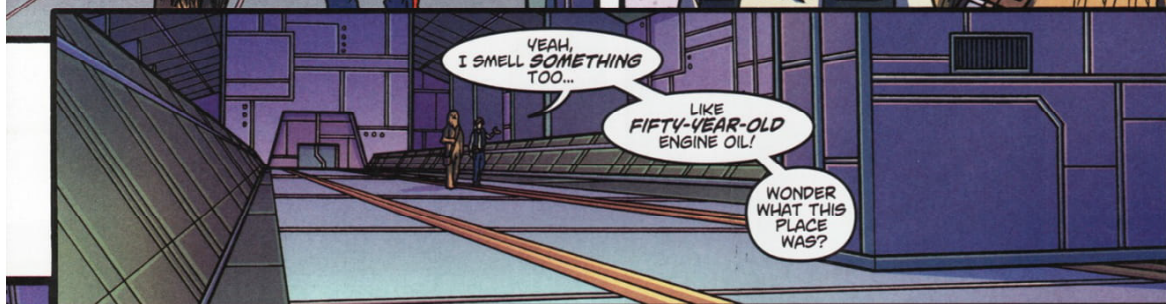
WE'LL HAVE  
TO SCAVENGE UP  
SOME PARTS IF WE'RE  
GONNA GET HER UP  
IN THE AIR  
AGAIN.

ARRRRRAAAR!

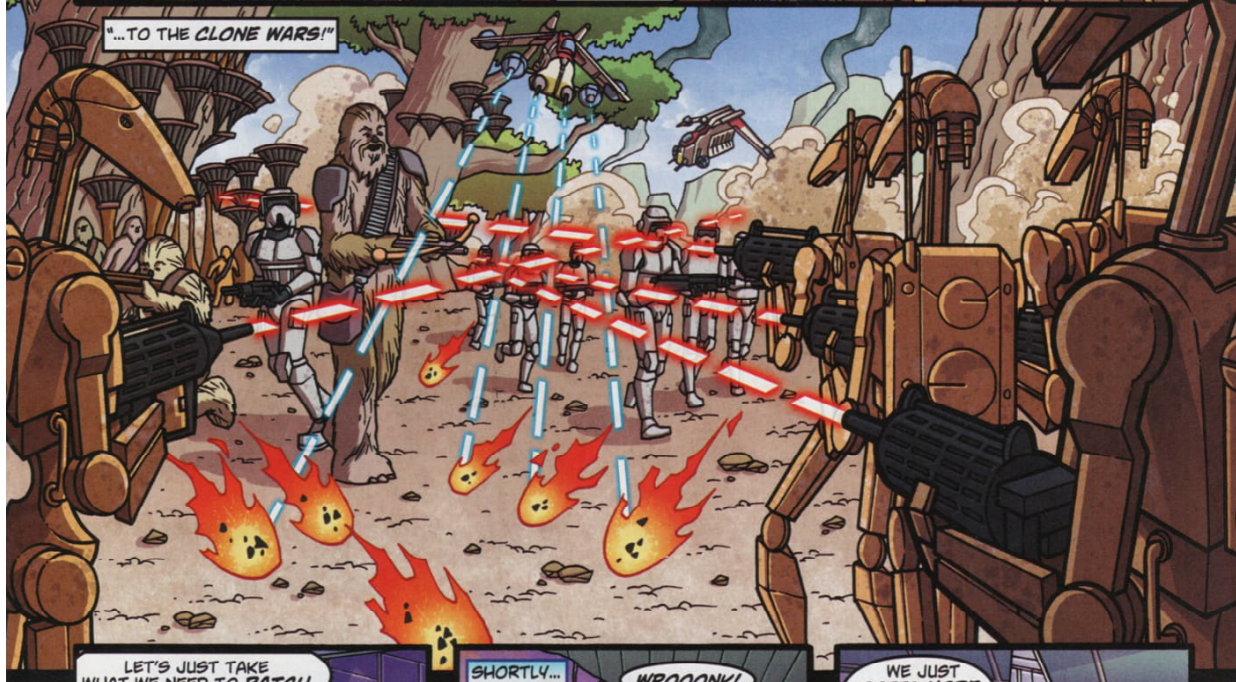
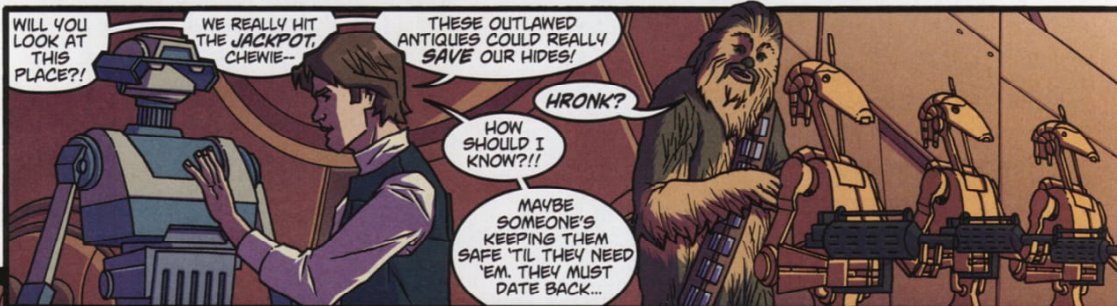


YEAH, WE'D  
BETTER MOVE  
QUICK -- IT WON'T  
TAKE LONG FOR  
THOSE IMPERIALS  
TO FIND US.



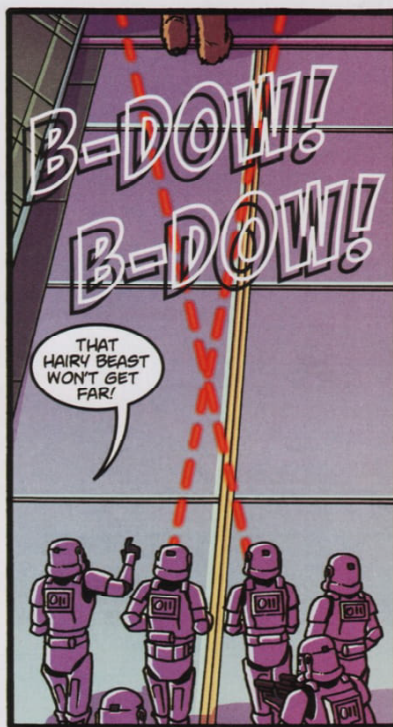
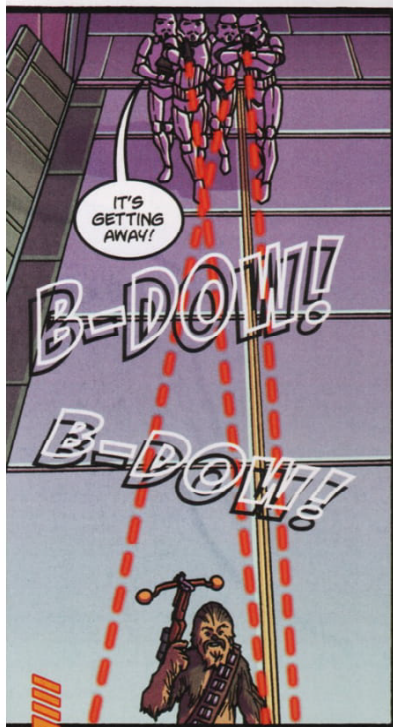
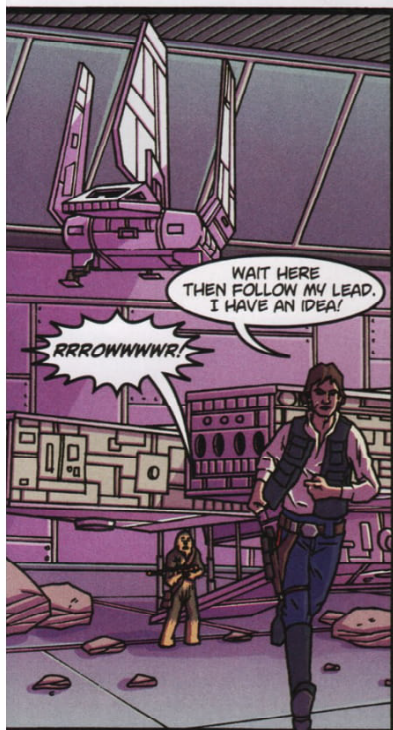




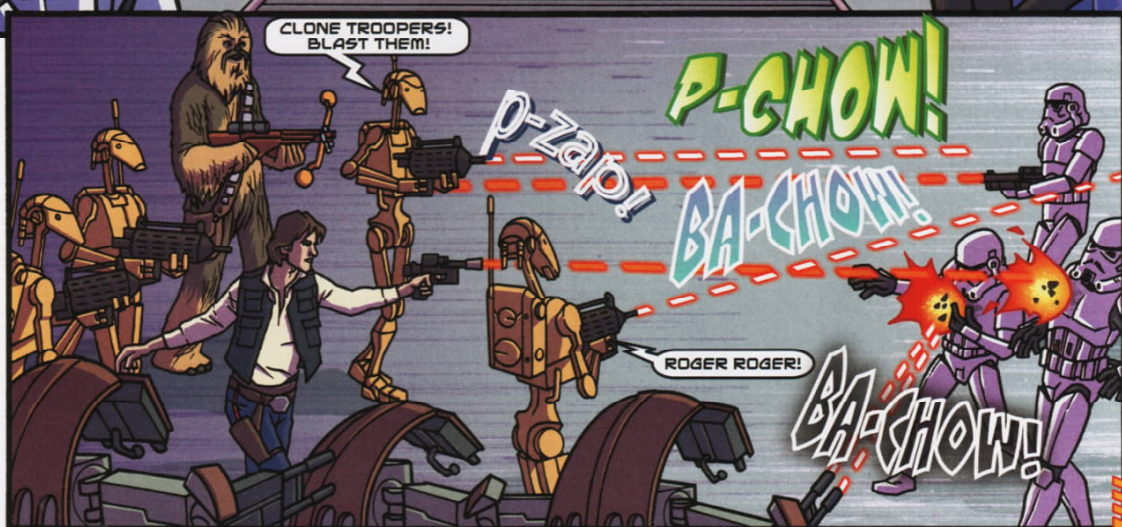


Continued  
on  
page 20

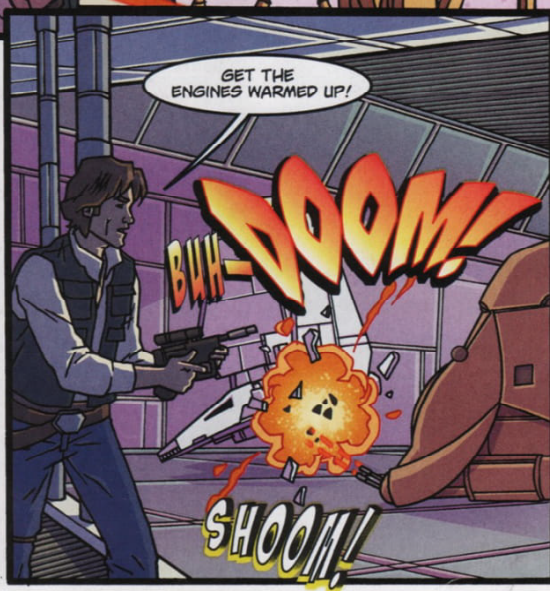
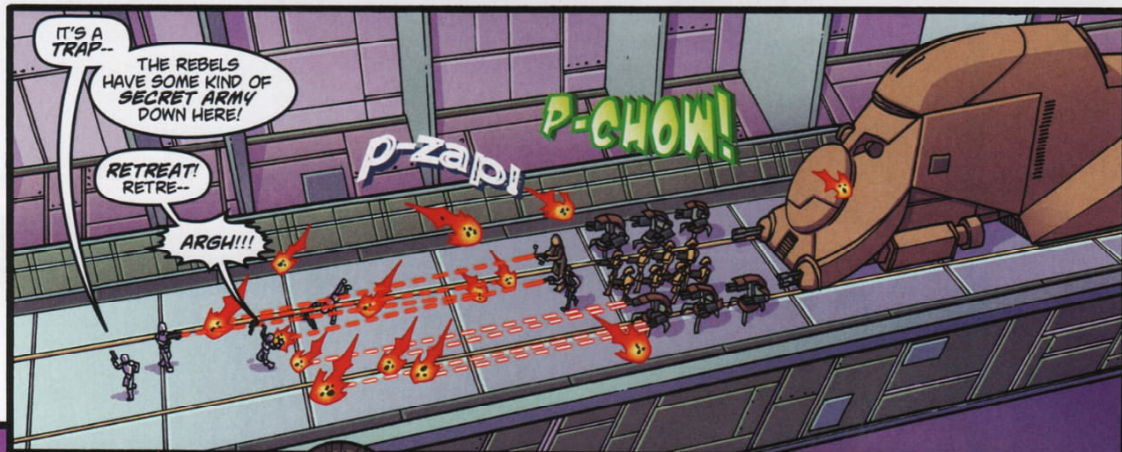




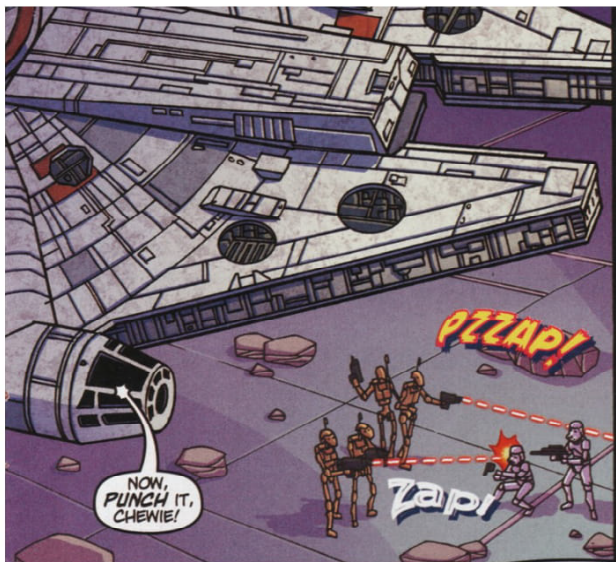














**PREVIOUSLY:** ESCAPING AN IMPERIAL BLOCKADE, HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA MADE URGENT REPAIRS TO THE **MILLENNIUM FALCON** USING AN ANCIENT STORE OF PARTS DATING BACK TO THE **CLONE WARS**. UTILIZING THE **CPU's** (CENTRAL PROCESSING UNITS) FROM SEVERAL **SUPER TACTICAL DROIDS**, THE REBEL SMUGGLERS GOT THE FALCON BACK IN THE AIR -- ONLY TO RUN INTO...

**HAN SOLO,**  
CAPTAIN OF THE  
**MILLENNIUM FALCON.**  
REBEL, SMUGGLER.

**CHEWBACCA,**  
WOOKIEE CO-PILOT,  
HAN'S BEST FRIEND.

IMPERIALS!

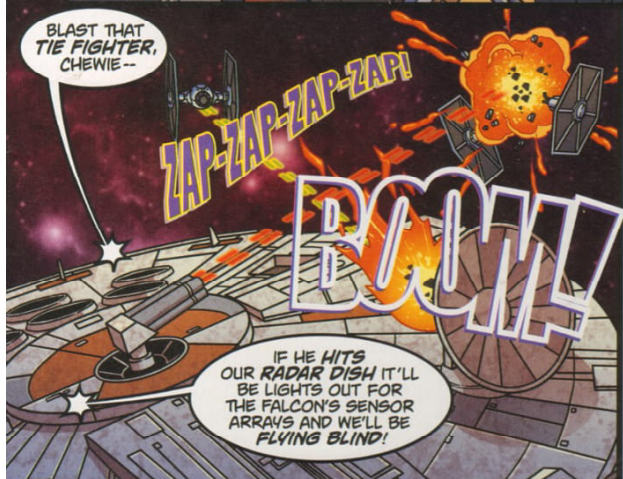
DIDN'T WE  
JUST LEAVE THIS  
PARTY?

HRRRONK?!

MY SPACESHIP--  
MY ENEMY!

WRITER RIK HOSKIN ARTIST & COLOURIST LUCA BERTELE LETTERER: DAVID LEACH

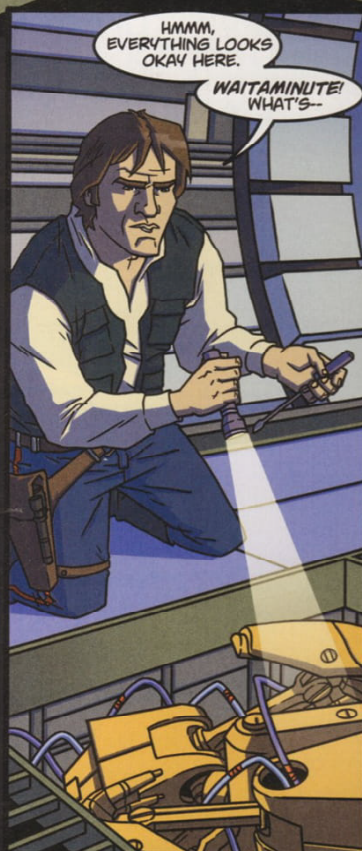
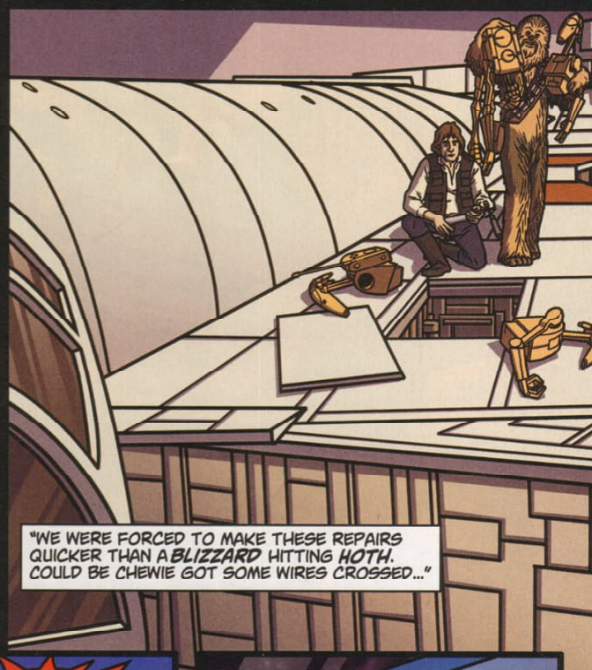












Continued  
on  
page 22





AW... MAN...



CHEWIE!

DON'T TELL ME THEY GOT YOU TOO?!

THEY DIDN'T??!

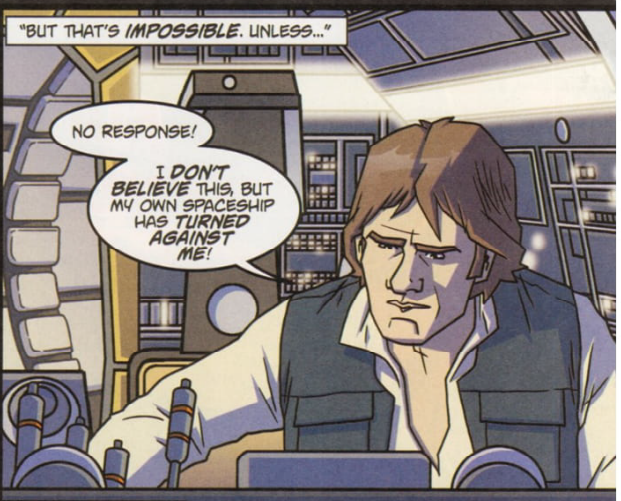
RRRR?



WELL--GOOD. SOMEONE ZAPPED ME WHILE I WAS CHECKING THE--

RUFFF-WRRR-ROAR!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE FALCON'S CHANGED DESTINATION?!



"BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. UNLESS..."

NO RESPONSE!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT MY OWN SPACESHIP HAS TURNED AGAINST ME!



ROOOOAAAAR!!!

WELL, YES OF COURSE I MEAN OUR SPACESHIP!

THAT DOESN'T MATTER RIGHT NOW, YOU BIG FURRY OAF! ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT AND SEE WHERE THE FALCON'S TAKING US...



GUESS WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT MUCH LONGER--

SHE'S DROPPING OUT OF HYPERSPACE...



I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!

IMPERIAL CENTER DEAD AHEAD -- THAT'S THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE, CHEWIE.





YEAH, THE WHOLE PLANET IS THICK WITH IMPERIALS LIKE STINK ON A BANTHA--

HRRR?

MORE'N EVEN WE CAN HANDLE.



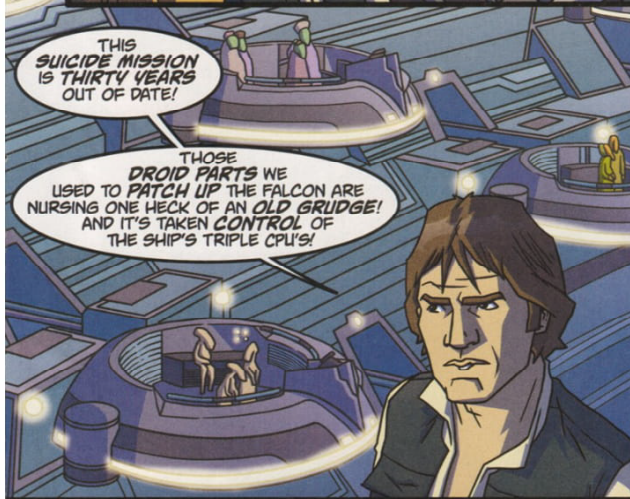
I REPEAT, IDENTIFY YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO DISABLE YOU WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE!

YOU HEAR THAT?

WE CAN'T BE SEEN HERE, CHEWIE--

WE'RE WANTED MEN EVER SINCE WE HOOKED UP WITH LEIA AND HER REVOLUTION. WE NEED TO TURN THIS SHIP AROUND BEFORE...

HROARRRR!



THIS SUICIDE MISSION IS THIRTY YEARS OUT OF DATE!

THOSE DROID PARTS WE USED TO PATCH UP THE FALCON ARE NURSING ONE HECK OF AN OLD GRUDGE! AND IT'S TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SHIP'S TRIPLE CPU'S!



ATTENTION SPACESHIP, YOU HAVE ENTERED RESTRICTED IMPERIAL SPACE.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF AND CONFIRM YOUR CREDENTIALS IMMEDIATELY.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE FALCON THINKS SHE'S ON A MISSION TO DESTROY THE GALACTIC SENATE?!!

THE SENATE WAS DISSOLVED LAST--

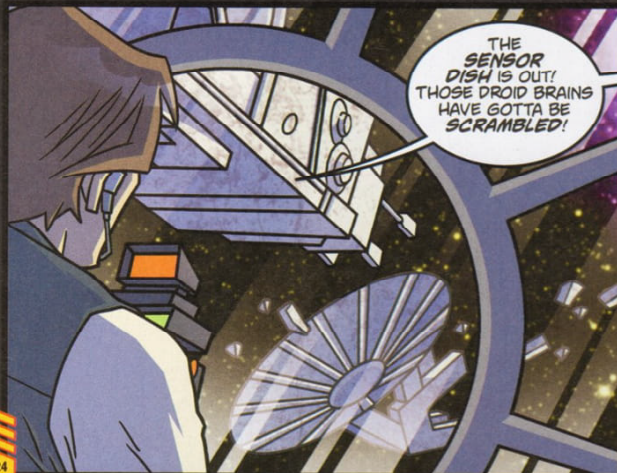
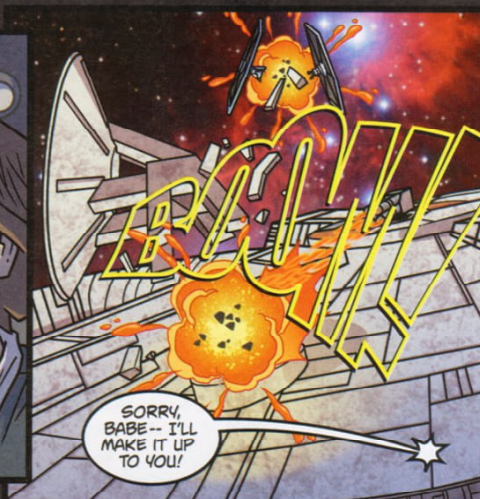
WAIT A MINUTE! NOW I GET IT!



A TRACTOR BEAM WILL BE APPLIED MOMENTARILY, UNIDENTIFIED SPACESHIP!

DO NOT STRAY FROM YOUR PATH.











A LONG TIME AGO,  
IN A GALAXY FAR,  
FAR AWAY...

THE **REBEL ALLIANCE** FRIGATE **REDEMPTION** IS RETURNING  
FROM THE PLANET **MORTON** AFTER MAKING A SUPPLY RUN.

PICKING UP A **DISTRESS CALL** WHILE  
IN **HYPERSPACE**, HER CREW DECIDES  
TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER...

# LEIA'S TRUST

WHATEVER  
HAPPENED HERE,  
IT LOOKS IT WAS ONE  
HECK OF A  
FIGHT.

WRITER **MARTIN FISHER** ARTIST **BOB MOLESWORTH** COLOURS **DIGIKORE** LETTERER: **DAVID LEACH**

THE LAST  
THING WE NEED RIGHT  
NOW IS **ANOTHER BATTLE**,  
**COMMANDER**.

HAVE YOU  
LOCATED THE  
**SOURCE OF THE  
DISTRESS  
BEACON?**

IT APPEARS  
TO BE AN **IMPERIAL  
ESCAPE POD**.  
YOUR **HIGHNESS**.  
ONE **LIFEFORM**  
ON BOARD.

ARE THERE ANY  
OTHER **IMPERIAL CRAFT**  
WITHIN **SCANNER  
RANGE?**

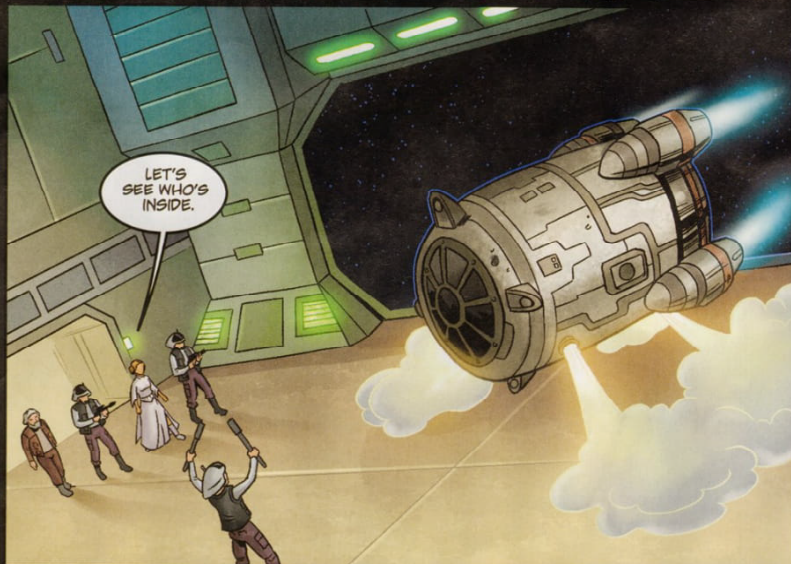
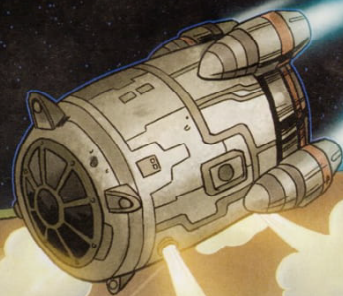
**NO**,  
BUT I  
HAVE A VERY  
BAD FEELING  
ABOUT  
THIS.

IT COULD  
BE A **DECEPTION...**  
SOME SORT  
OF **TRAP**.

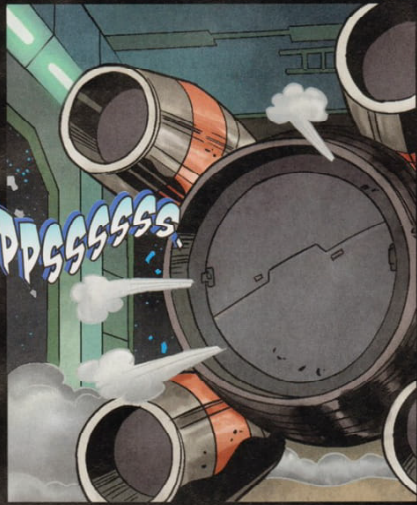
WHICHEVER SIDE THEY'RE ON,  
I **WON'T** LEAVE THEM OUT  
THERE TO **DIE**.

BRING THE  
POD INTO THE  
LANDING  
BAY.

LET'S  
SEE WHO'S  
INSIDE.











THE PIRATES  
HAVE TAKEN OUT OUR  
SHIELDS AND WEAPONS.  
WE'RE BEING BOARDED!

YOUR  
HIGHNESS,  
I MUST INSIST THAT  
WE GET YOU TO  
SAFETY.

THE SHIP  
IS UNDER ATTACK,  
COMMANDER --

MY PLACE  
IS WITH OUR PEOPLE,  
HELPING TO DEFEND  
HER.

I WILL  
NOT HIDE DURING  
A TIME OF  
CRISIS.

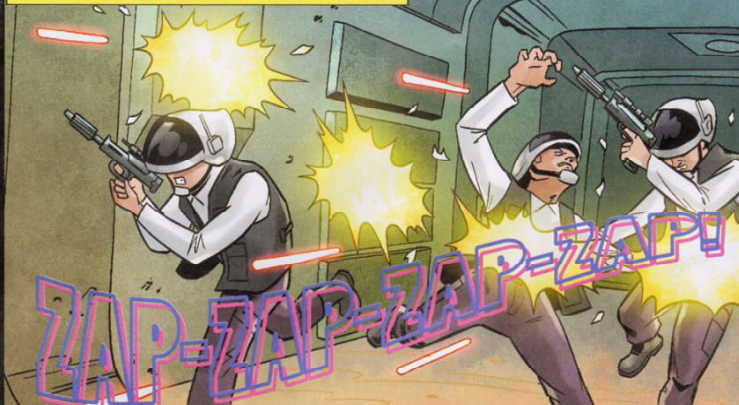


LET ME  
HELP DEFEND THE SHIP.  
I CAN BE OF USE! I'LL SHOW  
YOU THAT I AM ON  
YOUR SIDE.



GIVE THE  
COMMANDER A  
BLASTER. THEN  
EVERYONE  
FOLLOW  
ME!

INSIDE ONE OF THE REDEMPTION'S CORRIDORS...



ZAP-ZAP-ZAP-ZAP!



KEEP PUSHING  
FORWARD DO NOT SLOW  
DOWN FOR ANYTHING!

THERE'S  
PLENTY OF MONEY  
TO BE MADE FROM THE  
ALLIANCE TODAY.





Continued  
on  
page 22

















A SHORT TIME LATER...

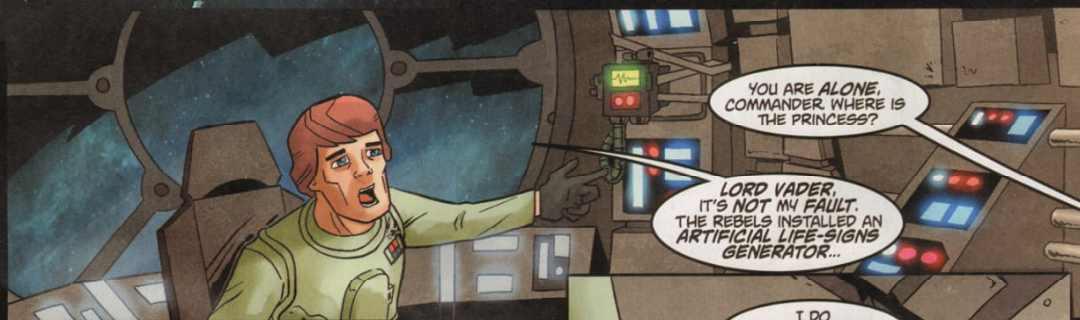
LORD VADER,  
WE'VE LOCATED  
COMMANDER DUNERZ'S  
ESCAPE POD

BRING  
IT ABOARD  
IMMEDIATELY, AND  
INFORM THE EMPEROR  
OF OUR SUCCESS.

INSIDE THE STAR DESTROYER'S HANGAR BAY...

THERE  
ARE TWO  
LIFE  
FORMS  
INSIDE.

READY  
YOUR WEAPONS.  
IF THE PRINCESS  
RESISTS, STUN  
HER.





A LONG TIME AGO,  
IN A GALAXY FAR,  
FAR AWAY...

FRKKCHOW

DOWN-ON-THEIR-LUCK SMUGGLERS  
HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA ARE  
LYING LOW AT THE FAR REACHES OF  
THE OUTER RIM, HOPING TO STAY  
OUT OF TROUBLE BY RUNNING  
EASY CARGO JOBS.

UNFORTUNATELY,  
TROUBLE HAS A  
HABIT OF TRACKING  
THEM DOWN...

WRAARG!

NO, I DON'T  
KNOW WHO THEY ARE, BUT  
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US SO  
I GUESS THEY KNOW WHO WE ARE!

LET'S NOT  
HANG AROUND  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO FIND OUT.

PUNCH IT.

HRRRRRRFF

THE  
CORELLIAN  
KID

BUT AS THE  
MILLENNIUM FALCON  
JUMPS TO LIGHTSPEED, A  
LASER BOLT FINDS ITS MARK...

SHTOOOOM!!!

WHOAH!

THE  
HYPERDRIVE  
REGULATOR'S  
BEEN HIT.

WE'RE  
DROPPING OUT OF  
LIGHTSPEED...

WOOP!  
WOOP!  
WOOP!

HANG ON  
CHEWIE, THIS IS  
GONNA GET  
ROUGH!

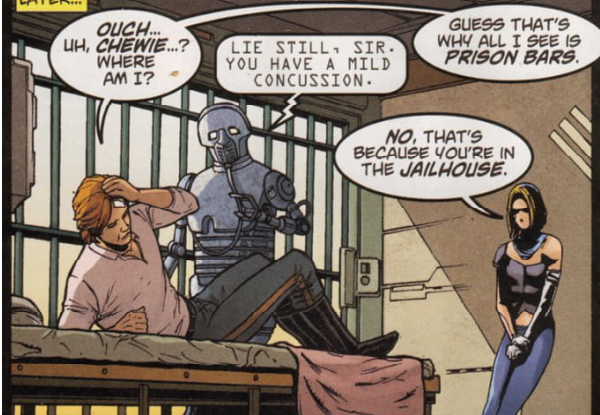








LATER...





WHY DO I GET THE FEELING MY DAY'S ABOUT TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE?

YOU'RE SMUGGLERS, RIGHT?

I MEAN, YOUR SHIP IS WELL ARMED, AND YOU'RE SOME PILOT.

SO YOU MUST KNOW THE HUTTS.

HUTTS? YEAH, WE KNOW 'EM. WHY?

WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A HUTT PROBLEM.

TWO LOW-LIFES CALLED BO-DUM AND RARSK ACTING LIKE THEY OWN THE PLANET.

WE NEED HELP TO GET RID OF THEM.

PROFESSIONAL HELP.

LISTEN, SISTER, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITH ONE HUTT ALREADY, LET ALONE...

WAIT A MINUTE.

I GOT AN IDEA. WHERE'S CHEWIE?

MEANWHILE, IN A HIDDEN FORTRESS KILOMETERS AWAY.

READING A TRAIL OF HULL DEBRIS AND HYPERDRIVE FUEL IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

MUST BE THAT SHIP OUR PIRATE DRONES BLASTED.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE ANY DECENT SALVAGE FELL ON THIS ROCK.

WHERE DID IT COME DOWN?

NEAR THE CORELLIAN SETTLEMENT, IN SECTOR FIFTEEN.

EXCELLENT. AN OPPORTUNITY TO TURN A PROFIT AND REACQUAINT MYSELF WITH THE SHERIFF'S BOUNTIFUL DAUGHTER. PREPARE THE SPEEDERS.

Continued on page 22



NEXT DAY, THE VILE HUTTS AND THEIR SCAVENGER CREW ROLL INTO TOWN, BUT **SOMEONE** IS WAITING...

WHAT IS THIS?  
A WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

JENNA. YOU BECOME MORE INCANDESCENT EVERY TIME WE MEET.

I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR FATHER.

SORRY? IT WAS ONE OF YOUR THUGS THAT KILLED HIM.

TRUE ENOUGH. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BRING US CLOSER TOGETHER.

GGWWARRR!

WHAT THE...?!

OH, DIDN'T YOU THINK WE'D FIND ANOTHER LAWMAN TO PROTECT US?

YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, 'CAUSE...

...EVERYONE KNOWS IT ISN'T WISE TO UPSET A WOOKIEE SHERIFF!



RATTLED BY THE NEW LAW IN TOWN, THE HUTTS RETREAT TO THE LOCAL CANTINA.

WHOEVER HEARD OF A WOOKIEE LAWMAN?

NEXT THING IT'LL BE GUNDARKS ON THE IMPERIAL SENATE!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

IF WE DON'T MAKE SOME REAL MONEY SOON, WE'LL NEVER BUY OUR WAY BACK INTO THE CARTEL.

DID I HEAR SOMEONE'S LOOKING TO MAKE SOME CREDITS?

I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A WHOLE PILE OF CASH, JUST WAITING TO BE DUG OUT OF THE DESERT.

LEAVE YOUR FILTHY ORTOLAN TRUNK OUT OF OUR BUSINESS, SCUM.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

YOU MEAN THE SHIP WE SHOT DOWN WAS THE MILLENNIUM FALCON?!

SOLO...?!

GUESS I'LL JUST COLLECT JABBA'S BOUNTY ON HAN SOLO ALL BY MYSELF...

PEOPLE HEREABOUTS CALL ME THE CORELLIAN KID.

BEST TRACKER IN THE SYSTEM --

AND I KNOW WHERE THAT SHIP CAME DOWN.

ONLY I AIN'T GOT THE KIND OF SALVAGE EQUIPMENT YOU GENTS ARE PACKING...

THEN PERHAPS WE CAN DO BUSINESS AFTER ALL.

WHAT SAY WE SPLIT THE BOUNTY, 60/40?

CALL IT A FINDER'S FEE.

AND THEN WE'LL SPLIT HIM 60/40.

HO HO HO.



BY DAWN, THE SCAVENGERS ARE DEEP IN THE RED DUNES...

WE'RE  
GETTING CLOSE TO  
THE CRASH ZONE.

STAY SHARP,  
THE DUNES SWALLOW  
THINGS UP REAL  
FAST.

I DON'T SEE  
ANYTHING... WAIT.  
THERE ARE SPEEDERS  
DOWN THERE.

IT'S THAT  
NEW WOOKIEE  
LAWMAN! HE BEAT  
US TO IT.

BUT HOW  
DID HE KNOW  
WHERE TO  
LOOK?

UNLESS...

TOO LATE, THE HUTTS REALISE  
THEY'VE BEEN LED INTO A TRAP.

WE'RE  
SURROUNDED!

THEY  
WERE WAITING  
FOR US!

OPEN FIRE!

WHY YOU  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSING...

GET BACK  
HERE, YOU RULOOSIAN  
SAND-SNAKE!

ZAP-ZAP-ZAP-ZAP!

AAIEEEE!



AS THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARS THE HUTTS EMERGE.



IS IT OVER?

THE SPEEDERS... ALL OUR EQUIPMENT, **BLASTED TO OBLIVION...** WE ARE RUINED!

SUDDENLY ENGINES ROAR, AND...



SOLO'S SHIP! BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A **WRECK.**



SHE'S BEEN CALLED A LOT **WORSE.**

WHO THE...?!

THE CORELLIAN KID AT YOUR SERVICE, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME **SOLO.**

**HAN SOLO.**



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS **SOLO.**

I'LL PUT A **PRICE** ON YOUR HEAD SO HIGH,

EVEN THE **MIGHTY JABBA** WILL TURN **BOUNTY HUNTER!**

I DON'T THINK SO, **BO-DUM.** YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE **MEANS** TO STEAL FROM US ANYMORE.



BETTER GET A **WRIGGLE** ON, BOYS.

IT'S A **LONG HAUL** BACK TO **CIVILISATION.**

**NOOOOOOOOO!!**

THE END



A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY...

REBEL SPIES HAVE LEARN'T OF A CONVOY OF UNMANNED IMPERIAL DRONE FREIGHTERS, EN ROUTE TO THE KUAT DRIVE YARDS. PACKED WITH A CARGO OF HYPERDRIVE COMPONENTS -- VITAL TO THE FUTURE OF THE REBELLION -- THE ALLIANCE MOUNTS A DARING MISSION TO INTERCEPT ONE OF THOSE FREIGHTERS.

FOR MISSION **COMMANDER LUKE SKYWALKER**, IT IS NOT LONG SINCE HIS TERRIFYING **CLOUD CITY** BATTLE WITH **SITH LORD DARTH VADER**...

PREPARING  
TO DROP OUT OF  
LIGHT SPEED.

THE SMALL REBEL ASSAULT SHUTTLE DROPS OUT OF  
HYPERSPACE, PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO A DRONE FREIGHTER.

NICE FLYING,  
WEDGE. RIGHT  
ON TARGET.

WHOA!  
MUCH CLOSER AND  
WE WOULDN'T NEED A  
DOCKING CLAMP.

# DRONE ALONE

WRITER CHRIS COOPER ARTIST BOB MOLESWORTH, AND COLOURS BY DIGIKORE LETTERER: DAVID LEACH

BUT CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO  
DODGE THE ESCORT  
FRIGATE'S SENSORS.  
I HOPE.

HEY,  
ARE YOU  
OK?

I'VE BEEN  
BETTER.

SKYWALKER  
TO RAPTOR SQUAD.  
WE'RE DOCKED.  
BLOW THE HATCH.

STAY SHARP.  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
TO DO.

GRRRONK!!

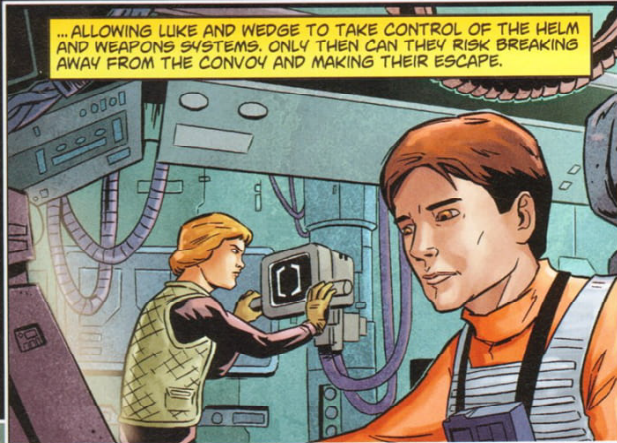


THE REBELS SPLIT UP.

**CHEWBACCA AND LANDO MUST BYPASS  
THE DRONE FREIGHTER'S COMMAND RELAY...**



...ALLOWING LUKE AND WEDGE TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE HELM  
AND WEAPONS SYSTEMS. ONLY THEN CAN THEY RISK BREAKING  
AWAY FROM THE CONVOY AND MAKING THEIR ESCAPE.



BUT, ABOARD THE CONVOY'S ESCORT FRIGATE...

SIR,  
SENSORS DETECTED  
SOMETHING NEAR DRONE  
VESSEL 171

BUT IT  
DISAPPEARED  
ALMOST  
IMMEDIATELY.

WE THINK  
IT WAS JUST AN  
ECHO...



NO, THIS  
IS THE MOMENT WE'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR.

THE REBELS  
HAVE MADE THEIR  
MOVE.

JUST AS  
LORD VADER  
PREDICTED.



TRANSMIT THE  
COMMAND SIGNAL.  
I DON'T IMAGINE THOSE  
REBEL SCUM WILL  
BE EXPECTING  
COMPANY.









BUT LANDO MAKES AN UNWELCOME DISCOVERY...

UH OH.  
SOMETHING  
TELLS ME THAT'S NOT  
THE STEWARDESS  
SERVICE.

LUKE, WE'VE GOT  
A RAT INFESTATION.  
OF THE IMPERIAL KIND.  
IT'S A TRAP!

THEY  
MUST'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
US.

I'M ON  
MY WAY. STAY  
OUT OF TROUBLE  
UNTIL I GET  
THERE.

THAT'S  
EASY FOR YOU  
TO SAY...

STORMTROOPERS,  
HEADED FOR THE FLIGHT DECK.  
GOT TO STOP THEM.

HALT,  
REBEL!

BUT  
WHAT IF  
I'M NOT  
READY...?!

Continued  
on  
page 22





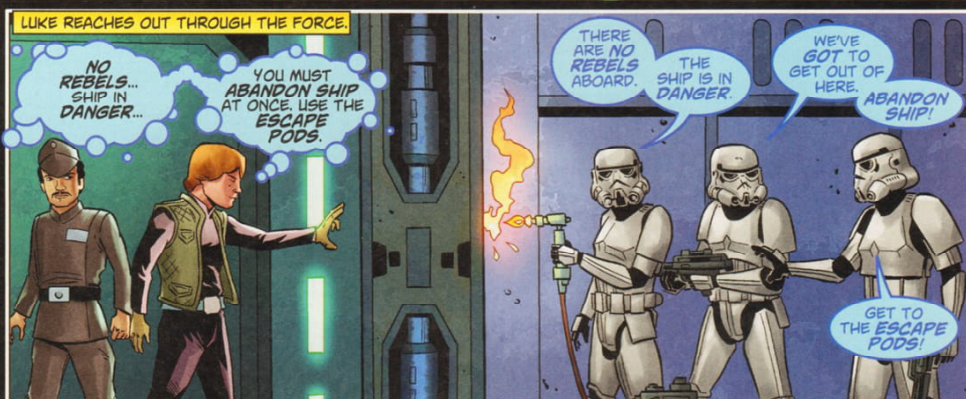
LANDO MAKES SWIFT USE OF HIS PROMOTION...















THE END